

AN AUTOGRAPH.

I write my name as one  
On sands by waves o'er-run,  
Or winter's frosted pane  
Traces a record vain.

Oblivion's blankness claims  
Wiser and better names,  
And well my own may pass  
As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, O waves of time!  
Melt moons the frosty rim!  
Welcome the shadow vast  
The silence that shall last!

When I and all who know  
And love me vanish so,  
What harm to them or me  
Will the lost memory be?

If any words of mine,  
Through right of life divine,  
Remain, what matters it  
Whose hand the message writ?

Why should the "crown's quest"  
Sit on my worst or best?  
Why should the showman claim  
The poor ghost of my name?

Yet, as when dies a sound  
Its speaker lingers round,  
Happily my spent life will  
Leave some faint echo still.

A whisper giving breath  
Of praise or blame to death,  
Soothing or saddening such  
As loved the living much.

Therefore with yearnings vain  
And fond I still would fain  
A kindly judgment seek,  
A tender thought bespeak.

And, while my words are read,  
Let this at least be said:  
What'er his life's defences,  
He loved his fellow creatures.

"If, of the Law's stone table,  
To hold his service was able  
The first great precept fast,  
He kept for man the last."

"Through mortal life and dullness  
What lacks the Eternal Fullness,  
If still our weakness can  
Drive him in loving man?"

"Age brought him no despairing  
Of the world's future faring;  
In his own nature still  
He found more good than ill."

"To all who dumbly suffered,  
His tongue and pen he offered;  
His life was not his own,  
Nor lived for self alone."

"He loved the scholar's quiet,  
Yet, not unmolested by it,  
Or poet's uppour of beauty,  
He strove to do his duty."

"He meant no wrong to any,  
He sought the good of many,  
Yet knew both sin and folly—  
May God forgive him wholly!"

—John G. Whittier, in our Continent.

The Science and Art of Eating.

Cook-books are numerous, and housewives are usually well supplied with private recipes. A sewing society is often a clearing-house for that kind of domestic paper. With all the state fun poked at the American pie, fried steak, and hot bread, there is no country in the world where the food, taken as a whole, is so well prepared as in the United States. A few professional French cooks may excel, but with us the lady of the house can, if necessary, go into the kitchen and either do the work or give specific direction how to do it, and however often her servants may change, the stamp of her culinary acquirements is plain and constant. Of course there are exceptions, but this is the rule, and it is one of the many evidences of American progress, intelligence and good sense.

Far more attention has been paid to preparing than serving food. Cook-books enough have been published in the last decade to fill a library, and many a choice recipe is still afloat, never having been harpooned by any cuisinier after kitchen lore. If one wants to know how to cook any conceivable thing it is easy to get rules for it. But the science and art of eating have been almost wholly neglected. Familiarity with the customs of the country tells us that soup is a dinner dish, and goes before meat and a few more things of that sort. In some countries custom makes soup a breakfast dish. Which is right is a question of science, and not of fashion. It is of great importance to health that food and drink should be taken in the proper combinations, seasons and ways. However good the food, if it is improperly served the general effect is bad. It is a more the fault of ignorant and barbaric eating than of poor cooking. The American people eat at the lowest calculation, five billions of meals a year, and the

table and its surroundings are certainly very important. From the simplest lunch to the most elaborate dinner a great deal depends both upon the service itself and upon those served.

There is no country in the world where the general average of food consumption is as high as it is in America, yet here there is much more ill health from not eating enough than from eating too much, especially in small families. It is appetizing to be surrounded by good eaters. The man whose table companions are dainty ladies content with tea and toast, and puny children with no stomachs for beef, is in danger of falling into mincing ways himself, and without knowing or suspecting the cause finds himself on the sick list. The doctor gives him a few pills or prescribes a trip, thinking him over-worked, when in point of fact he is simply under-fed. Steak in the morning, a roast for dinner, and plenty of potatoes, bread, butter, and still more stimulating food would work a speedy cure. The man is not worn out; the engine has not been properly stoked; that is the whole of it. The science of eating has been disregarded. The blood has been enfeebled. Shavings do very well for kindling a fire, but for a steady flame something more substantial is required. If a strong man of good habits breaks down, in whole or in part, in middle life, it may be assumed that in all likelihood he is a victim of unconscious and gradual starvation.

Of course the understanding of any science is more important than the mastery of all arts, but it is of very great moment to the enjoyment of life to know how to make the ministry to nature's tri-daily wants a luxury. The man who bolts his meals as if he were performing an irksome duty or simply filling a gap, robs himself of a perpetual source of wholesome pleasure. It helps digestion to be in the best sense a table artist. Herein the French excel all other people, and it is the one cause of the high average of health in France. It is impossible to draw an exact line between the science and the art of eating, and at the ideal dining table they will so blend that none of the technicalities of either shall be observable. Indeed, one of the fundamental rules of the art is that the laws of supply and demand shall execute themselves at the table with the least possible observation. An obtrusive attention to details on the part of any one on such an occasion mars greatly the artistic effect of a good dinner. In this, as in dress, anything "loud" or out of harmony with the general surroundings is in bad form. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Fashionable Wrinkles.

Two new wrinkles are charged upon the fashionable women of New York City by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. The first is fiddling. "It is not rare now to meet a finely-dressed girl with a boy carrying one of those black, coffin-shaped boxes which formerly were lugged by professional musicians only. She is on her way to or from her violin lesson. Pretty soon she will stand up before the guests in her papa's parlor, tuck one end of a fiddle under her chin, and torture the company's ears while delighting their eyes. However horrible may be the noise produced she will look well during the process of making it." The second freak of fashion is represented to be to pray on genuine prayer-rugs from the East, such as a Mohammedan uses. "They are usually about three by four feet in size, and can be distinguished by the design, which always represents some large figure at one end, and pointed at the other. Places are indicated for the hands and knees. Devout women procure the real thing from an importer, and, without facing Mecca, bumping their heads on the floor, or removing their shoes and stockings, like the sons of the Prophet, still actually do use them to kneel on while praying. They are said to be a great comfort."

—Senator Edmunds has paid a beautiful tribute to his daughter's memory in the endowment he has made to the Mary Fletcher Hospital. He has given, says the Washington Critic, a sum of sufficient magnitude to keep a room and pay the expense perpetually of some young girl, who is to be cared for and made comfortable for her sake.

—The Earl of Arundel, son of the Duke of Norfolk, is three years old and can neither see, speak nor walk.

Down Cellar.

We have had a dreadful time at our house, and I have done very wrong. Oh, I always admit it when I've done wrong. There's nothing meaner than to pretend that you haven't done wrong when everybody knows you have. I didn't mean anything by it, though, and Sue ought to have stood by me, when I did it all on her account, and just because I pitied her, if she was my own sister, and it was more her fault, I really think, than it was mine.

Mr. Withers is Sue's new young man. He comes every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, and Mr. Travers comes all the other evenings, and Mr. Martin is liable to come any time, and generally does—that is, if he doesn't have the rheumatism. Though he hasn't but one real leg, he has twice as much rheumatism as father, with all his legs, and there is something very queer about it; and if I was he, I'd get a leg of something better than cork, and perhaps he'd have less pain in it.

It all happened last Tuesday night. Just as it was getting dark, and Sue was expecting Mr. Travers every minute, who should come in but Mr. Martin! Now Mr. Martin is such an old acquaintance, and father thinks so much of him, that Sue had to ask him in, though she didn't want him to meet Mr. Travers. So when she heard somebody open the front gate, she said: "Oh, Mr. Martin I'm so thirsty and the servant has gone out, and you know just where the milk is for you went down the cellar to get some the last time you were here do you think you would mind getting some for me?" Mr. Martin had often gone down cellar to help himself to milk, and I don't see what makes him so fond of it, so he said: "Certainly with great pleasure," and started down the cellar stairs.

It wasn't Mr. Travers, but Mr. Withers, who had come on the wrong night. He had not much more than got into the parlor when Sue came rushing out to me, for I was swinging in the hammock on the front piazza, and said: "My goodness gracious Jimmy what shall I do here's Mr. Withers and Mr. Travers will be here in a few minutes and there's Mr. Martin down cellar and I feel as if I should fly what shall I do?"

I was real sorry for her, and thought I'd help her, for girls are not like us. They never know what to do when they are in a scrape, and they are full of absence of mind when they ought to have lots of presence of mind. So I said: "I'll fix it for you, Sue. Just leave it all to me. You stay here and meet Mr. Travers, who is just coming around the corner, and I'll manage Mr. Withers." Sue said: "You darling little fellow there don't muss my hair," and I went in, and said to Mr. Withers, in an awfully mysterious way: "Mr. Withers, I hear a noise in the cellar. Don't tell Sue, for she's dreadfully nervous. Won't you go down and see what it is?" Of course I knew it was Mr. Martin who was making the noise, though I didn't say so.

"Oh, it's nothing but rats, Jimmy," said he, "or else the cat, or may-be it's the cook."

"No, it isn't," said I. "If I was you, I'd go and see into it. Sue thinks you're awfully brave."

Well, after a little more talk, Mr. Withers said he'd go, and I showed him the cellar door, and got him started down the stairs, and then I locked the door, and went back to the hammock, and Sue and Mr. Travers they sat in the front parlor.

Pretty soon I heard a heavy crash down cellar, as if something heavy had dropped, and then there was such a yelling and howling, just as if the cellar was full of murderers. Mr. Travers jumped up, and was starting for the cellar, when Sue fainted away, and hung tight to him, and wouldn't let him go.

I staid in the hammock, and wouldn't have left it if father hadn't come down stairs, but when I saw him going down cellar, I went after him to see what could possibly be the matter.

Father had a candle in one hand and a big club in another. You ought to have been there to see Mr. Martin and Mr. Withers. One of them had run against the other in the dark, and they thought they were both burglars. So they got hold of each other, and fell over the milk pans, and upset the soap barrel, and then rolled round the cellar floor, holding on to each other, and yelling help, murder, thieves, and when we found them, they were both in the ash bin, and the ashes were choking them.

Father would have pounded them with the club if I hadn't told him who they were. He was awfully astonished, and though he wouldn't say anything to hurt Mr. Martin's feelings, he didn't seem to care much for mine or Mr. Withers's, and when Mr. Travers finally came down, father told him that he was a nice young man, and that the whole house might have been murdered by burglars while he was enjoying himself in the front parlor.

Mr. Martin went home after he got a little of the milk and soap and ashes and things off of him, but he was too angry to speak. Mr. Withers said he would never enter the house again, and Mr. Travers didn't even wait to speak to Sue, he was in such a rage with Mr. Withers. After they were all gone, Sue told father that it was all my fault, and father said he would attend to my case in the morning; only, when the morning came, he told me not to do it again, and that was all.

I admit that I did do wrong, but I didn't mean it, and my only desire was to help my dear sister. You won't catch me helping her again very soon.—"Jimmy Brown," in Harper's Young People.

Some Brief Remarks by Dan Pelter's Wife.

"Mr. Pelter," said Dan's wife, "would ye like to see me a lone widder, with a stone dead husband?"

This idea startled Dan, and he looked up from his whittling kindlings with the carving knife.

"Of course not. I've got a heart fur ye as big as a barn an' as open as er saw-mill."

"An' don't ye pity er woman as is er whole widder?"

"Sartin."

"An' don't ye half pity er woman as is a half widder?"

"Sartin sure."

"An' which do ye pity the wust, er marriageable widder or one that can't marry nohow?"

"The one that can marry is less to be pitied 'cos she may git er better husband 'n she had afore."

"Then why don't ye pity me?"

"What!"

"I married ye fur er man, an ye went lookin' an actin' like er man at that time. But now yer more'n half dead. Ye hain't spoke ter me pleasant ter-day. 'Fore we was married ye d gabble ter me all the chance ye'd git. Ye hain't showed me no attention, kinder perlitte like which pleases us women. Ye was wonderful perlitte when ye used ter come a courtin' me. Yer don't show me no deference in yer manners. Now deference showed to er woman when that woman's yer wife ain't never lost, but allus pays big interest; it kinder sweetens life as molasses sweetens gingerbread. How'd ye like it if I was ter leave all the sweetness out'en the cake jes' 'cos we're married? Yer dead, Dan, in yer sense of the pleasantness yer could disseminate aroun' ye. If ye'd be fur jes' one week as perlitte an' attentive as ye was afore marriage I'd feel better than if I was at a circus seein' Jumbo all of the time." A man make the great mistake of his lifetime when he drops his politeness in his own family. —Detroit Free Press.

A Remarkable Career.

A remarkable career was that of the Hon. John Tod, who died recently at Victoria, B. C., aged ninety-one years. In 1807 he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and within a few years had visited almost every portion of the vast territory from Hudson's Bay to the Columbia River. He visited Montreal in 1812, and Astoria, Ore., in 1813. Afterward in the Peace River country he spent nine years without hearing his mother tongue or seeing the face of a white person. Forty years ago he was in charge of old Fort Kamloops, and one day, when almost alone, was surprised by a large party of Indians, who invaded the fort for the purpose of plunder, and, perhaps, murder. Quickly knocking out the head of one of several barrels of powder, he deliberately lighted a match and threatened to blow up the fort and every one in it if the Indians did not instantly leave the neighborhood, which it is needless to say they did. He was a member of the first Executive Council of Vancouver's Island, and held that position several years, but retired to private life about fifteen years ago. He retained full possession of all his faculties to the day of his death. —Chicago Tribune.